

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

Arthur E. Seagrave, Manager—PUBLISHED BY THE ENTERPRISE COMPANY—Wilson Palmer, Editor

VOL. 4. NO. 1.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING FROM POSTOFFICE BUILDING.

ARLINGTON, MASS., OCTOBER 5, 1901.

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belongs to the man who has his clothing made to measure by an artist tailor who knows the value of perfect fit, beautiful finish and fine workmanship, and who selects his fabrics with an eye to please the taste of the well bred gentleman. "The tailor makes the man" is an old saying and we can supply all defects of form, and give you both style and satisfaction.

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Repairing and Pressing Neatly Done.

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Pictures.

Marshall & Grant.

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to buy drugs, is the cheap way. If medicine is to cure the sick, it must be the best and purest, and skill and experience are also necessary in the art of compounding physicians' prescriptions. We are registered pharmacists and we employ registered clerks in our prescription department. There's a very pointed moral to this true tale. We simply give you our name and let you draw your own conclusions.

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in bread making is achieved in the white, light and delicious loaves, baked here every day. We use nothing but the best flour, pure and high grade, and our bread is nourishing, wholesome and tempting to the most fastidious. All of our Bakedstuffs are unsurpassed for high-grade excellence. Our Ice Cream and Catering is the best.

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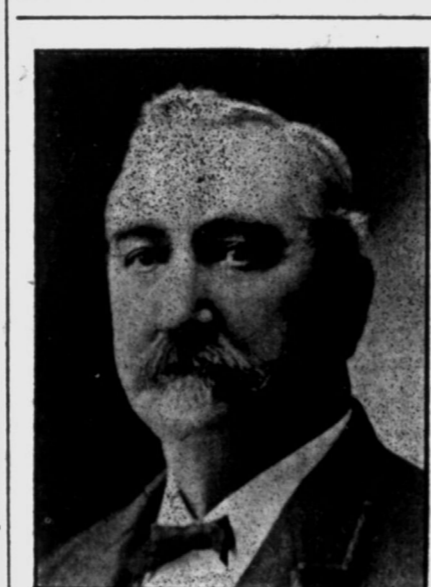
CHASING THE MOON.

Old Fire Fighters Fooled Years Ago—
Veterans' Night in Arlington Observed in Fitting Style With Supper, Songs and Speeches.

It was veterans' night at the headquarters of the Veteran Firemen's association at Menotomy hall, Arlington, Tuesday evening, and a large number of the members with invited guests were present to enjoy an entertainment and supper which had been prepared. The occasion was one long to be remembered and one which will be cherished in the minds of all for many days to come. But few details of the plans which had been laid were announced to the invited guests and it was all a pleasant surprise to them. The supper, which was in the banquet hall, was carefully prepared and those present partook to their satisfaction, after which came speeches until a late hour. The Eureka was the principal topic, and the days of old, when other tubs were used to save Arlington property from the ravages of fire, also came in for their share of the glory. After several selections from a hazy-gurdy man, songs by the Law brothers, vocal selections by a Boston gentleman, and a harmonica solo, the invitation came to repair to the banquet hall. This was done, and after the feast President Donahue, of the association, arose and said: "This meeting tonight is in honor of those men who ran on the old hand tubs in Arlington, 40 and 50 years ago, and particularly in honor of William E. Wellington, who has done so much for the association and who is soon to return to his home in the far west. It is interesting to listen to the stories from these men who have made the Eureka one of the famous tubs in the country." In closing the president said if the association should discard the Eureka, he would withdraw his membership. "Some talk of its being behind the times, but if the association continues as strong as it is today we shall keep always in the front rank." He then introduced as toastmaster of the evening, Warren A. Pierce. Mr. Pierce read a paper on the Arlington fire department, which included minutes of meetings held 75 years ago. Among some of the interesting details was the first vote of the town in 1816 to purchase fire ladders, hooks and other things needed. Nearly everyone was then a member of the department, and all were supplied with large canvas bags to carry off property from a burning building. They also had buckets and during a fire the men would stand in line and make an efficient fire brigade. The first tub purchased was the Friendship, then in 1821 came the Good Attempt, followed by the Olive Branch, the Enterprise, the Howard, and lastly the Eureka. He said the Eureka was one of the best tubs ever built, and a voice cried out, "And she is today."

Secretary of the association William Schwamb read some of the early records of the fire department, some of them being written by William E. Wellington. Mr. Wellington was next called upon, and was given a royal reception. He said: "Gentlemen and brother firemen—I am surprised and pleased at the entertainment you have prepared, and am glad to meet once again my old friends. The Arlington company has always stood number one, and in the early days regular meetings were held and fire apparatus was maintained. In fact, the hall was furnished by the fines which were levied. We formerly had our suppers and our good times, and sometimes had our 'smiles' at the hotels. We

and Washington. They will return to their Cambridge home about October 15. Mr. and Mrs. W. Howell Reed have recently returned from an extended tour through Europe, being absent from Belmont three months. Rev. Hilary Bygrave returned Saturday from Saratoga, N. Y., where he had been in attendance at the Unitarian conference. Mr. Bygrave preached in his pulpit at the Unitarian church last Sunday, and left Thursday of this week for a two weeks' trip through the mountain districts of the West. W. L. Chenery is on a vacation rest trip, spending his holidays the Crawford house, White Mountains, N. H. Mr. and Mrs. Philander R. Crocker took the Hoosac tunnel, Hudson river and Fall river line trip this week. A largely attended social dancing party was that given by the St. Joseph's S. and B. society, it being its semi-annual social. Dancing was enjoyed from 8 to 1, music being furnished by Wiggins' orchestra. The floor was in charge of Lawrence M. Ryan, assisted by Timothy Looney and an efficient corps of aids. The reception committee were John F. Lemard, Patrick Tobin, Timothy J. McDermott and Wm. O'Brien.



WILLIAM E. WELLINGTON.

ought to have more drills and practice with the Eureka for am sure there is not a tub in the state that can either suck her or wash her. She will stand up in the bandwagon every time. I feel very grateful for your many courtesies, and I thank you for your many favors."

George Y. Wellington was introduced and gave a few bits of interesting history connected with the department. He remembered seeing the members of the old Friendship company practicing seventy years ago. He spoke of the friendship which always existed between the firemen and the rivalry which formerly existed between the different companies. Among several interesting stories was that of the inspection of the fire buckets which were in every house during the early days of fire fighting. In one

(Continued on Page Four.)

Belmont and Waverley

We are placing a box in the postoffice at Waverley and Belmont where subscriptions, advertisements and contributions for this paper may be left. We should request that all communications be signed so that we may know from whence they come. Letters for publication will receive due attention when signed. The name of the writer will be withheld upon request. Subscriptions may be left at La Bonte's drug store at Belmont, or at Connors's news store, or with F. A. Chandler, Waverley. Subscription price 75 cents. All subscriptions received before Jan. 1, 1902, will be credited as paid in full to Jan. 1, 1903, from date of receipt. After Jan. 1 the regular yearly rate of \$1.00 per year will take effect. The Enterprise is for sale in Waverley by H. D. Rogers, Waverley cafe, John Connors' Waverley news store, and at Frank La Bonte's Belmont pharmacy.

BELMONT.
Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Tucker (nee E. M. Arenstrop) have left for a trip, visiting the former's relatives at Baltimore

HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

Lexington Voters to Decide Wednesday Evening Whether One Is to Be Built or Not—Committee Submits Plans and Asks for \$55,000.

Will the town of Lexington vote to build a high school building to take the place of the present structure at a cost of \$55,000 is the question which the voters of the town will consider at a town meeting Wednesday evening. The special committee appointed some time ago to investigate the needs of the town relative to a new high school building, and then instructed in February of this year to secure plans of a suitable building, has carried out its instructions and has issued a printed report which is being placed in the hands of the voters. The articles to be acted upon at the special meeting Wednesday evening are: To receive the report of any committee of the town that may be presented,

BRIBERY CASE.

Theodore W. Park of Lexington to Face Judge Keyes.

Case Was Continued from Last June and Will Come Up in the District Court at Concord, Monday—Remnant of the Memorable Special Election.

Lexington will soon be treated to a revival of the bribery sensation of last May, for the case against Theodore W. Park will come up in the district court at Concord, Monday. Mr. Park will be remembered as a former resident of Curve street, East Lexington. He was arrested, last May, charged with bribery in connection with the special town meeting of that month. Enterprise readers will recall that pre-



vious to the special election, rumors of bribery threw a veritable bombshell into the camps of the two rival selectmen candidates, Messrs. Huxslo and Taylor. The latter, for whom the alleged bribed individuals were to vote, secured from Mr. Park an affidavit to the effect that he had offered a bribe.

Chief of Police Franks took the facts in the case to Judge Keyes, of the district court, and a summons for Mr. Park's appearance was issued. The chief, accompanied by Officer Foster, made numerous visits to the Park residence on Curve street, but without avail, for the inmate had disappeared. The case came up Saturday, 18, but the defendant had not appeared and consequently the summons could not be served.

The summons was then superseded by a warrant and when Mr. Park returned to town, the next week, the police were awaiting him and he was lodged in jail, charged with bribery. Bonds of \$500 were furnished by the defendant's son. When the trial was reached, Mr. Park pleaded guilty and his counsel asked that the case be placed on file.

Judge Keyes said that he was unwilling to make that disposition of the case, but did not say what his intentions were. He agreed, however, to postpone the trial, at which time sentence would be imposed. Then, if the defendant wished to appeal, he might do so, and as the superior court would be in session at that time, his case would be tried without delay which would ensue if sentence was passed in May.

Mr. Park's case will come up Monday. Since the trial, last spring, the defendant has left town, but it is expected he will be on hand at the appointed time.

DEATH IN A SAND PIT.

By the caving of sand in the sand-pit off of Teel street, Saturday afternoon, Eugene Carden, the eight-year-old son of Wilfred Carden, of 15 Massachusetts avenue, Arlington, lost his life by being buried under several feet of the earth. The little victim was playing with Harry Cohen, aged seven years, in the sand-pit, which is the property of H. C. Green, of Henderson street. They had been there some time when the side of the bank caved in and buried him completely. The Cohen boy was badly frightened, but did not realize the serious import of the situation. He hurried off, however, to inform someone and quickly summoned Mr. and Mrs. John Leahy, of 91 Teel street. They were at the sand bank digging as fast as they could to rescue the buried lad. They worked steadily, but when they recovered the body the breath of life was gone. Doctors had been summoned, but it was some time before any one arrived. Dr. Yenetchi, of Belmont, was the first to appear, and later Dr. Charles Keegan arrived. Both doctors agreed the boy had been dead fully half an hour before rescued from the sand-pit. Medical Examiner Swan, of Cambridge, was notified of the death, and upon a view of the remains declared the sad affair was accidental. The burial of the young victim was Sunday afternoon, with funeral services at the home of his parents at 5 o'clock.

TIMOTHY J. CROWLEY.

Timothy J. Crowley, of Mill street, Arlington, died at his home, Thursday afternoon. The deceased was a young man of 23 years and was much respected. He had been sick for several months and his death was not unexpected. He was the only son of John and Anna Crowley, and had been a resident of Arlington for about 10 years, having been born in New Bedford. His parents, he leaves Mrs. Crowley, his mother, and two daughters, Kattie, Anna, Ellen and Mary. The funeral will be this morning at 9 o'clock at St. Agatha's church, at 9 o'clock.

ARLINGTON GOLF.

was a bogey handicap competition of the links of the Arlington Golf club yesterday afternoon, J. Colman, Jr., was the winner with a score of 117. The summary: J. Colman, Jr., 117; W. G. Rice, 120; George Gray, 121; W. G. Rice, 121; George Gray, 121; W. G. Rice, 121; George Gray, 121.

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STYLES OF THE DAY.

October Wedding Gowns and the New Woolly Autumn Cloths.

October bridal gowns represent one of the most important items in the modes just now, for even September has been well dotted with weddings, and Cupid's busiest days are now fairly on.

Crepe de chine or some kindred light material has figured largely thus far, but peau de sole, with lace trimmings or an entire lace train, will hereafter find much favor.

A recent bride wore a train of Carrickmacross lace, with a bolero of the



BRIDE'S AND BRIDESMAID'S GOWNS.

same over soft chiffon. Most of these trains come from between the shoulders under the bolero. It is only the small jacket and the soft chiffon above it that make the bodies a high one.

The bride's gown illustrated is of ivory satin covered with accordion plaited chiffon. There are a round yoke of point lace and a chiffon bolero. The skirt is draped with lace and adorned with orange blossoms and myrtle. The tulle veil is arranged over a wreath of flowers. The ornaments are a diamond and pearl necklace and a brooch.

The bridesmaid's bolero bodice is of crepe de chine and lace, with chou and long sash ends at the left side.

Coming down to more commonplace affairs, in looking through the new goods one sees shaggy, rough cloths, zibelines and camel's hairs over and over again. Very soft to the touch are the new materials, but rough of surface, and the variety in colors is extraordinarily great. There is a decided feeling for red. Fraise, the old raspberry tone, or framboise, has been produced and rose du Barry. The wedgwood blue, only a shade removed from cornflower, is a great favorite and a powerful adjunct to the autumn range of tones.

Real drabs and chamots shades are coming in again. Sometimes the colors appear blended in a pepper and salt mixture in a certain kind of heringbone weaving—green with blue, gray with red and brown with blue. There is a decided feeling for brown, especially chestnut and coffee tones and a certain chocolate hue.

In the soft make of woollens a hopsacking effect has been introduced in blues, greens, reds and browns. An extra stuff closely resembles coarse, interlarded matting, but all are of the order of sibiline to the touch.

Into some of the new cloths fine, misty stripe effects are introduced, and also checks on plain and hopsacking weaving. Sometimes there are cross lines in red and mouse, black and blue or fawn, blue and green, black and wedgwood and blue and fawn. Raised checks seem to stand out from the material in black, with white hairs on the face.

A range of cloths, flecked with white, irregular spots in the weaving, show a curled astrakhan effect.

Another thick stuff closely resembles angola in misty checks, and this is the height of fashion in Paris.

Large wafers and smaller spots in self color figure on another variety and diagonal checks in lighter colors toned in with others. In these goods pinky browns and the old fashioned lavender are to the fore.

Style is everything, however, rather than material. Sackcloth and ashes would be made alluring by a clever modiste of the present.

Crystallized Mint Leaves.

The crystallized mint leaf is the latest novelty in confections. Table Talk gives the following recipe:

Select fresh leaves, pick from the stalk and wash thoroughly in cold water, then dry in a towel and arrange them in shallow pans or dishes. Pour over them a sirup made by measure with twice as much sugar as water, bring to the boiling point, boil for a moment, then let stand until blood warm before pouring over the leaves. Set away overnight. Next day drain off the sirup, reheat and boil until a little dropped into cold water can be rolled into a firm ball. Set aside and when nearly cool pour a second time over the leaves. If properly done, in 24 hours each leaf will be covered with a thin coating of tiny crystals. Gently pour off the sirup and let the leaves stand where it is warm but very dry until the crystals are dried. Other leaves and flowers may be prepared in the same way. We would never, that to properly dry leaves and flowers is an art and requires considerable experience.

The Definite Invitation.

It is said that the English invitations are coming into vogue in this country. Formerly it was to a friend to "make us a visit," leaving a guest uncertain as to how long he ought to stay. Now the hostess equally uncertain as to how long the guest should stay. No more "to stay with me a week" or "a month, as one pleases," but the hostess and guest equally definite.

JELLY MAKING.

Bliss That Hold Good For All Seasons Touching Up the Flavor.

Jellies are all made alike after the juice is obtained. This is boiled twenty minutes, the sugar is then added, and as soon as it is entirely dissolved the juice may be poured into the glasses. The following points, if carefully observed, will do much to prevent possible failure:

The sugar should be heated before being added to the juice.

The "twenty minutes" should be counted after the boiling begins.

The boiling should be brisk, but not violent.

There is no need of skimming until just before pouring the jelly. It is wasteful.

Cook about one and a half pints of juice at a time; never more than two pints.

Nearly all jellies are improved in flavor by the juice of a lemon to each pint.

Crab apples, which should be cut up, wild plums and the dry fruit and the parings, cores and seeds from quinces and apples must be almost covered with water and boiled until soft to obtain the juices. Berries need no water, but should be slowly heated until all their juice is freed.

Grapes just turning are better than ripe ones for jelly.—Woman's Home Companion.

RIDING HABITS.

Many Devotees of the Saddle Cling to the Divided Skirt.

Whether or not the divided skirt shall be worn in cities is a question agitated anew this fall. Its many advantages over the conventional costume have endeared it all summer to the devotee of the saddle, and the natural inclination of the feminine mind will be for its adoption. Apropos of this, the New York Herald calls attention to a skirt of this jaunty persuasion, with illustrations of its possibilities.

Straps hold the divided skirt securely in place, while underneath it are worn breeches of the same material and exactly like a man's, the cuff buttoning about the knee and the inevitable stitched piece on the inside where one grips the horse, also the curved seam on the outside of the leg.

For cross country riding and mountain climbing this little suit, worn with-



REGULATION ASTRIDE AND CROSS COUNTRY COSTUMES.

out the skirt and coat if desired, is the perfection of ease and lightness and at the same time looks trim and smart; the skirt waist blouse a little over the stitched leather belt. There are pockets with stitched leather flaps sewed on the outside of the skirt, and the semiloose Norfolk jacket is held in at the waist by a narrow leather belt showing the same rows of stitching.

Gauntlets, sombrero, with the crown pinched together, and tan pigskin leggings or boots complete this costume.

The Experienced Traveler.

People who travel very little do not realize how different an old traveler appears in numberless little details from one who seldom goes far from home. Dress, wraps and impedimenta of all kinds have a different stamp upon them. The way people enter a Pullman and settle themselves for a journey shows to an observant person whether they are in the habit of going only short distances or whether traveling has become second nature, remarks the New York Tribune. The various belongings of an old traveler may be, and generally are, very smart, but never look new. They bear the cherished marks of use, and the labels on a much traveled valise or trunk are never removed with the consent of the owner, who values these baggage stamps of farrow lands as much as an Alpine climber does the notches and the names of famous climbs on his mountain staff. Woe betide the unfortunate maid or valet who is overzealous enough to clean and polish up the sole leather bags that have rare custom house marks upon them! A young woman about to go abroad for the first time was interrupted by a friend while busy oiling her new leather trunk with a rag which she dipped from time to time into a plate of road dust. "What am I doing?" she answered in reply to the latter's query. "Why, taking the newness off, of course. I would not travel with a spick and span trunk for anything!"

Care of Silver Made Easy.

Much trouble might be saved by the use of a silver polish. It is a most good and safe way to keep silver bright and shining.

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BOSTON FOOD FAIR.

This Fall's Exposition Bids Fair To Outshine All Other Food Fairs.

The Boston Food fair, which opens at the Mechanics' building, Boston, Monday, Oct. 7, promises to be the most extensive exposition of food products ever held in New England.

Hundreds of kinds of food, including many new and dainty ones, will be exhibited, there being almost no limit to the variety. This will be the fifth Food fair held under the auspices of the Boston Retail Grocers' association. All the other fairs of this association have been remarkably successful.

The management has this year secured a larger number of special attractions than ever before, the expenditures for attractions being enormous. Exception-



MISS NELLIE DOT RANCHE.

ally fine music has been secured, the latter including Giannini's Royal Marine band, of Italy, consisting of 45 of Italy's most eminent musicians. Signor Giannini, tenor soloist and manager of this band, is one of the most famous tenor singers in the world. Giannini's Royal Marine band of Italy came to America for the express purpose of appearing at a series of banquets given at the Chicago World's fair, to the ambassadors of foreign countries. Signor Giannini and his band are famous on both sides of the Atlantic. This will be their first appearance in New England, and their marvelous music will be sure to create a great sensation in the musical world. Among

the other bands engaged is Collins' First Regiment band and orchestra, with Bowen R. Church, the wonderful cornetist, formerly of Reeves' band, also the Salem Cadet band, which has just completed a remarkably successful engagement at the Pan-American exposition.

The domestic science department will be a big feature of the coming fair. Miss Nellie Dot Ranche, who has charge of this department, is one of the most celebrated authorities on practical cooking in the world. She has conducted similar departments in many great expositions and scored a notable success at the Paris exposition. She is perfectly at home in every department of culinary art, and her delightfully informal manner makes friends for her wherever she goes. Her instructions are free to all and her methods are very simple and easily understood.

Miss Ranche takes the greatest pleasure in answering questions freely and in every way assisting ladies who desire to know how to cook well. Every lady who visits the Boston Food fair should attend her demonstrations, which take place every day.

Other features of the fair will include a wonderful electrical display, which is reproduced exactly as at the Chicago World's fair, a magnificent illustrated production of "Ben Hur," beautiful floral gardens, the giving away of thousands and thousands of articles of food, including many barrels of flour, one thousand fresh baked pies every day and the demonstration of many foods and household utensils of great value which are not being placed before the public for the first time.

There will be excursions to the Boston Food fair from all sections of New England. The price of admission is only 25 cents.

WM. BENDIX'S School of Music.

4th SEASON.

Will open for the Fall and Winter Season, Monday, Sept. 2, 1901.

Thorough instructions given on Piano, Violin, Flute, Clarinet, Guitar, etc. Any number of musicians, including a good prompter, furnished for all occasions at reasonable prices. For terms, address,

WM. BENDIX, 2 Park ter., Arlington

L. WINE, Fine Shoe Repairing, for ladies and gentlemen. First-class work at lowest prices. Shoeblack, 8 to 12 Sunday, 616 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE.

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All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining, painting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All work done on hand. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

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Geo. D. Moore, president; R. Walter Hillard, secretary; W. A. Peirce, treasurer. Meets in banking rooms of First National bank, first Tuesday in each month at 7.30 p.m. Money offered at auction at 8.30.

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Bank building, corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. William G. Peck, president; H. Maedale, secretary and treasurer. Open daily from 8 to 8.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

Meets first Monday in each month at clubhouse on margin of Spy pond. Admission fee, \$10; annual dues, \$15.

ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in each month.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Hiram Lodge.

Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massachusetts avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before the full moon.

Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter.

Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12.

Meets in Odd Fellows hall, Bank building, every Wednesday evening, at 8. Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge, No. 152.

Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Circle Lodge, No. 77.

Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

No. 109.

Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Menotomy Council, No. 1781.

Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 570 Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month. GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Francis Gould Post, No. 36.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Camp 45.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

Division 23.

Meets in Hibernian hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7.30 p.m.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA.

Court Pride of Arlington.

Meets in K. of C. hall, the first and third Mondays of each month.

MASSACHUSETTS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

St. Malachi Court.

Meets at Hibernian hall first and third Thursdays.

ROBBINS PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Building is open to the public as follows: Sundays, 2.30 to 5.30 p.m.; Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 6 and 7 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 6 p.m.; Wednesdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; during the month of August.

Arlington Heights Branch.

Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6; 7 to 9 p.m. Thursdays, 3 to 6, 7 to 9 p.m.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen meet at their office in town hall on the last Monday evening of each month, for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening.

Town clerk and treasurer, office hours, 9 a.m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p.m.; also Mondays, 7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m. only.

Board of health, on call of chairman. Engineers' department meets Saturday before last Monday of each month.

School committee, third Tuesday evening monthly.

Sewer commissioners, on call of chairman.

Trustees of cemetery, on call of chairman.

Water commissioners, first Saturday in each month.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Hose No. 1, on Park avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts avenue; Menotomy hook and ladder; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Brackett chemical; Eagle hose, Henderson street.

ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH.

(Unitarian.) Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. Rev. Frederic Gill, pastor. Boards with Mrs. J. C. Harris, 23 Academy street. Sunday morning preaching service at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except July and August.

ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 28 Academy street. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon hour; Y. P. S. C. E. at 4.30 p.m.; Wednesday evening service at 8 p.m.; 8.30 p.m.; Saturday evening service at 7.15 o'clock.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.

Cor. of Westminster and Park Avenues. Sunday services: morning worship and sermon, 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service, 8 p.m.; 8.30 p.m.; 8.30 p.m.; Weekly prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.45 p.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Services in Union hall. Sunday school, 11 a.m.; Epworth league, 6.30; preaching, 7.30 p.m.; prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Rev. Walter Grant Smith, pastor.

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.

Corner Pleasant and Maple streets. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor; residence on Maple street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 4.30 p.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST.

Massachusetts avenue, opposite Academy street. Rev. Harry Fay Fister, pastor. Gray street. Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Y. P. Union at 6.30 p.m.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.

(Orthodox Congregation.)

Corner Park and Wollaston avenues, Arlington Heights. Rev. John G. Taylor, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.45; Sunday school at 12.15; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday afternoon at 3.10, Junior C. E. meeting; Friday evening at 7.45, prayer meeting.

ST. AGNES, CATHOLIC.

Corner Medford and Chestnut streets. Rev. John M. Mulcahy, pastor; Rev. A. J. Fitzgerald, Rev. A. S. Malone, assistants. Reside at parsonage, 24 Medford street, next to church. Mass at 7 and 9 a.m.; high mass at 10.30; Sunday school at 2.30 p.m.; vespers at 3.30 p.m.

ARLINGTON LINE BIBLE SCHOOL.

Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Tannery Street.

Services—Every Sunday afternoon at 3.30; preaching at 7.30 Sunday evenings; Thursday evening meeting at 7.45.

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15—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Lake St.
16—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Linwood St.
17—Lake St., opp. D. Wyman's house.
21—Union St., opp. Fremont.
22—No School.
23—Section Broadway and Warren St.
24—Beacon St. near Warren.
25—On Wm. Penn. Horse House.
26—Cor. Medford St. and Lewis Ave.
27—Cor. Mystic and Summer Sts.
28—Mystic St. near Fairview Ave.
29—Pleasant St. near Lake St.
34—Cor. Pleasant and Gray Sts.
35—Wellington and Addison Sts.
36—On Town Hall—Police Station.
37—Russell St. cor. Russell Terrace.
38—Academy St., near Park.
39—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Mill St.
41—Mass. Ave., near Shouler Court.
42—Cor. Summer and Grove Sts.
43—On Highland Horse House.
46—Brattle St. near Dudley.
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Rev. Hilary Bygrave, pastor. Morning service, 10.45; Sunday school, 12 m.
PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Belmont.
Rev. Elbridge C. Whiting, pastor. Morning service, 10.30; 8 o'clock Sunday school, 12 m.; evening prayer, 7; weekly prayer meeting, Tuesday, 7.45 p.m.
ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.
Belmont.
Morning services at 8.30 and 10 o'clock; Sunday school, 3.30; vespers, 7.30.
ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.
(Episcopal), Belmont.
Sunday school, 10 a.m.; morning service, 11. Reginald H. Coe in charge of parish.
WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SOCIETY.
Rev. C. H. Allen, pastor. Services every Sunday morning, 10.45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Religious union, first and third Sunday each month, 7 p.m. All invited.
WAVERLEY BAPTIST SOCIETY.
Rev. H. S. Smith, pastor. Services in Waverley hall; Sunday school, 2.45 p.m.; preaching service, 7.45 p.m.; prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7.30.
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Waverley.
Rev. Geo. P. Gilman, pastor. Morning service, 10.45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Society, Christian Endeavor, 6.15 p.m.; evening service, 7.15; prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30.
ROYAL ARCANUM.
Waverley Council, No. 313.
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, second and fourth Tuesday evenings each month.
INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS.
Trapelo Lodge, No. 238.
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, every Monday evening.
FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
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Meets on the first Thursday of each month, at Masonic hall, Belmont.

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RESPONSIBILITY.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened! No star ever
rose
And set without influence somewhere! Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?
No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its
strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby!
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne,
And gaze into the face that makes glorious their
own,
Know this, surely, at last! Honest love, honest
sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the
morrow—
Are these worth nothing more than the hand
they make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave
drear?
Hush! The sevenfold heavens to the voice of the
Spirit
Echo, "He that o'ercometh shall all things in-
herit!"

—Lytton.

THE STORY OF A SONG

By Mrs. HERMANN KATZSCHMAR.

Only a little worn black book, so small that it could be carried in one's pocket, and yet the faded writing tells the heart secret of a lone poet's life. It might still have lain at the bottom of that dusty pile of manuscript if I had not found my way into the old obscure shop one afternoon of that never to be forgotten summer in Vienna. And so I give it to the world. "What should I do without you, my beloved confidant! You are not to me pages of lined paper between two covers, but my inner self, to whom I unreservedly pour out my longings and aspirations. To you only can I 'give sorrow words' to voice my deepest joy. It makes no difference to you, dear little journal, that I am short of stature and of sight, round shouldered, awkward in my manner and my gait. What care you that my face is plain and my speech halting? Those outward signs that make the man foremost have never troubled you. You know the real Franz Steinert, his weakness and his strength and are ever ready to receive his confidence, and you shall have it, best of friends. To you I'll think aloud.

"Have you forgotten that this is Jan. 31, and I am twenty-one? Think what a long, uphill climb has been to that little lad old Holser taught to play and sing! Ay, but think again of all the joy that music has brought to him! How proud my dear old master was of all I did! I can remember once he gave me Bach's 'Heart Ever Faithful' for a theme, and when I improvised and modulated into different keys he cried out with delight, 'The boy has harmony in his finger ends.'

"What do I not owe you, faithful friend and teacher? Were you not the first to place within my hand the key to the deep hidden mysteries of tone? I am convinced that today will be the red letter day of my life, for the count's patronage must bring success. I wonder if he dreamed what his generous offer meant to me.

"I tried to stammer my gratitude, but human speech fails to show what is in the heart. Only the language music speaks can adequately tell of disappointments, lofty desires, hope's fulfillment. The count laid his hand upon my shoulder as I played, and then I came to know at once that he felt the thanks I could not utter.

"By the calendar it is a month (though I can scarcely believe it) since that morning, when, trembling, I tried to make a careful toilet for my first visit to my noble patron's, where I was to give lessons in music to his daughters. My threadbare waistcoat and frayed linen never showed so plainly. I was an hour in the seams of my coat and paring the edges of my cuffs. Finally I started for the palace, my heart thumping so loudly against my ribs that, when I haltingly finished my inarticulate greetings to the count, I feared to hear him ask the lackey, 'What is that pounding?'

"While I was vainly struggling to command breath and words a fairylike apparition stood beside me. Her father said, with loving accent, 'My daughter,' but inwardly I questioned, 'Can anything so exquisite be material flesh and blood? There seemed to be a gleam of sunshine in the half darkened room. I looked and found it was her smile. I heard a tender cadence, a strain so beautiful it could only come from heaven. Dumb and motionless I listened for it again, and then I knew it was her voice.

"How can I tell even you, my inner self, of all her graciousness of manner throughout these weeks, of all her love for what is best in music, of her keen appreciation of a thought expressed in tone?

"Days, weeks, months have passed, I'm told, and yet I could count time only by two hours each week. How short they are to hold the whole of life! Can I be—I, who never looked with love upon a woman until now, and she as far above me as the stars, although not sharp and glittering like those distant orbs, but sympathetic, kind and true, my Lady Caroline!

"What could have moved her so this morning? She seemed oppressed, and as she finished playing Beethoven's favorite 'Andante' tears filled her eyes.

"I love it and seem to feel it in my heart," she murmured, "but when I play it sounds so cold, so harsh. Tell me the secret of your touch, my master, and she lifted up her eyes beseechingly to mine.

"For a minute's space I could not answer, for there rose before me my miserable, starved childhood, so unutterably different from the life of her who questioned me. I shivered as I seemed to see an ill clad boy of twelve, in the early dawn of a bitter winter's day, making his way to the practice room where no warmth nor ray of sunshine ever penetrated, and where his numb fingers could hardly call forth the tones he loved, and so hungry that even his loved music could not bring forgetfulness of that gnawing hunger.

"A wave of pity filled my heart for that desolate little lad, as though he were some other than myself, as I recalled the piteous letters he would write to his brother, begging a few kreutzers with which to buy an apple or a bun to keep body and soul together, and looking down upon this dainty child of fortune as she still questioned me with those dark eyes of heaven's blue, I stammered:

"You must know the secret of my touch? I studied it in a school whose name I may never comprehend

—the school of poverty. The masters who taught me all I know may come to you in later years, and, if they do, their training, hard though it may be, will give you all you long for in your music."

"Oh, little book of mine, words are too poor to tell the sympathy, the encouragement in her voice—her face. If God had only made her nearer to my level—what am I saying? Would I, if I could, drag her down to my poverty, my hedged in life? No, never! She is my star, my queen, whom I shall ever worship.

"While I stood trembling before her, speechless with love, she spoke again: "Surely you have something to say to me, my master?"

"Hesitatingly, I drew a slip of paper from my pocket, saying: 'Yesterday I was uneasy, restless, and in the evening, to bring sleep, I walked many miles. Returning weary, I stopped at a little wayside inn, and as I sat at table idly turning the leaves of a book some one had left there this line caught my eye: "Hark, hark! The lark at heaven's gate sings." And instantly a melody sang itself to the words, and I was compelled to write it down. I searched my pockets for a bit of paper, but could find none, so I used the bill of fare. Will you pardon me that I bring it to you just as it is?"

"Then, without more words, I played it to her—played as I never had before. She sat near me, and when I paused she did not speak, but with her eyes said, 'More!'

"This I wrote and thought of you," I whispered, and I played 'Who Is Sylvia'.

"When I rose to go, it was my lady's turn to tremble. 'I—I—' she stammered, and in her confusion I grew strangely self possessed. I long have wished to ask you why—why, as you have dedicated so many of your noble works to others, I alone am left unnoticed. Do you not think me worthy? She glanced up shyly, while hot blushes overspread her brow. My voice sounded far away as I said:

"My lady, do you not know that everything I have ever done is already dedicated in my heart to you?"

"The blow has fallen, little speechless comforter. She is going from me. These few lines which she has written take from me sunshine, life, and thrust me into that outer darkness whence there is no escape."

"Dear Master!—In three days we leave for Hungary to pass the summer. Will you not come and give one more lesson to your pupil? C. E."

"Mein liebschen, thou art gone and hast taken with thee all save honor! I did not speak, though thou didst question me with thy sweet eyes, but yet my soul communed with thine, and it did seem that thy heart answered mine. Heart's dearest, couldst thou read aright thou must have seen and known for months how dear thou art to me. I do not speak thy name alone within this little room without falling upon my knees in reverence for thy goodness.

"Canst thou divine the pang it cost me that I must let thee go and never say 'I love thee'? And yet, through all the bitter pain one thought brought comfort—rapture. It was this: That I, so poor that I dare not tell thee in words the worship that I feel, yet have the power within me to express my love for thee in never dying song. Yes, yes! Immortal beloved, in my heart there sings for thee a song of songs that will live when we are gone, will live to tell the world the sacredness of man's love for woman, of my love for thee.

"How many days I have neglected you, dear little book. I am so weary, so tired of this hopeless struggle, that something within me cries, 'Take courage, it is not for long; your work is nearly done.' God grant it may be so, and yet that night, when underneath her window I stooped and lifted to my lips this faded rose her hand had thrown me and read these words wrapped round the stem, I felt life held no deeper bliss:

"Beloved, I know well now the masters who taught thee so long ago the secret of thy thrilling touch and tone, for they are daily with me. Their names mean life and they are called experience and love. What can I say to thee of thy dear song, whose melody still fills my soul, save that it tells me all I longed to know, and leaves me comforted though broken hearted?"

"I read again and yet again her dear confession. I pressed it to my heart, my lips. Those first days when my Caroline had gone my song kept ever ringing in my ears—the song that was to tell her how I loved—adored.

"At last there came a time when even love could bear no more. 'I must, I will go and sing my song to her!' I cried in my despair. 'At night, when all is hushed and still beneath her window, I can ease my heart.'

"It was past midnight when I crept through the garden gate. Silently I stood awhile beneath her window. Far off a nightingale sang in the forest depths. Yearningly I stretched my arms and breathed, 'Where the darkling streams are creeping, dearest, let us go.' Then love touched my voice and carried it on wings of glory unto my desire.

"All the stars keep watch in heaven While I sing to thee, And the night for love was given; Dearest, come to me.

"A power from above filled me as I sang my swan song to my beloved. Was I awake? Was I not dreaming? I feel again the thrill with which I saw the outer blind move slowly back, and in the moonlight, grave and pale, there stood my Lady Caroline. Although I heard no word, I knew 'farewell' was on her lips and in her tear dimmed eye. "She stood an instant; then, as she reached to draw the blind that was to shut her face from me forevermore, there fluttered from her hand and dropped down at my feet this crushed white rose.—Chicago Tribune.

Managing a Husband.

Every unmarried woman has said: "I'd like to own that man for one day. I'd teach him to behave." But have you noticed that when they marry they don't seem to manage any better than others? —Arlington Globe.

Cheapening.
Jones—I've been doing something that always makes me feel cheap.
Smith—What is that?
Jones—Comparing my salary with what I think it ought to be.

A Real Martyr.
She—Yes, she is a woman who has suffered a great deal because of her belief.
He—Indeed! And what is her belief?
She—That she can wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 4 foot.

THE WALKING SKIRT.

A Sensible Ankle Length Garment Likely to Be Worn.

The golf skirt that has been evolved from its first form as a bicycle skirt, which reached a point below the knee to a sensible ankle length walking skirt that sweeps clear of the pavement, is the model that will be made up generally by tailors this autumn. There will be few tailor skirts made with trains, and it is to be hoped that we will have an ending of the present fashion of clutching the skirt in an ungraceful bunch to keep it away from the pavement, says the New York Sun.

The ankle length skirts have been seen on the hotel piazzas all summer long in cloth, and especially in white pique, which has been popular for morning wear, and the hearts of dress reformers have been made glad by the hold which the new and sensible fashion has taken upon women. Skirt brads and their renewal have always been two of the greatest bugbears in the life of the girl bachelor whose vocation or profession left her no time to attend to these most necessary details of her wardrobe. She was obliged to employ a seamstress for the purpose of renovating her skirts, and the removal of an old braid usually betrayed the presence of an accumulation of dust that was extremely distasteful to a woman who had perhaps faithfully brushed her skirt after each wearing.

The ankle length skirt does away with this unhealthful and uncleanly necessity. Many of the skirts are unlined, and as they fall clear of the pavement no braid or protector is required. The unlined skirt for all purposes is more desirable than the old fashion of the heavy, stiffened skirt. Silk linings have gone out largely, owing to their perishable nature, and materials with a silk or satin finish are preferred as a rule. With a silk lined skirt worn over a silk petticoat the woman without a maid was usually under the necessity of patching or mending up after each wearing. The stiff taffetas so long worn as linings broke and tore so easily that they have outlived their vogue.

A Seasonable Ice Cream.

Remove the skin and stones and press enough peaches through a potato ricer to make a cup and a half of pulp; add the juice of a lemon and a cup and a quarter of sugar and turn into the can of a freezer packed for freezing.



PEACH ICE CREAM.

Let stand until chilled, then add a pint of thin cream and freeze as usual. Pack in a brick mold and when turned from the mold surround with spread peaches sugared and chilled. Sprinkle the whole with chopped pistachios or almonds.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

The Coming Waistcoat.

The double breasted waistcoat is now rarely seen, and there seems little doubt that the single breasted coat will be the more fashionable during the coming autumn and winter. I refer more particularly to that made of the same material as the coat and trousers, known as the sack suit waistcoat, though there is reason to believe that double breasted white waistcoats for evening dress and those of linen or duck for wear with a frock coat will not be more fashionable than the single breasted type. Toward the close of the past winter season and throughout the spring the single buttoning was, if anything, a little the smarter cut, and the Cairo shape, with buttons converging to a point and points at the bottom edge, went almost entirely out of vogue. It is a matter which may be borne in mind when replenishing the wardrobe for the cooler months, remarks "Him" in Vogue.

Tomato Catchup.

Wash and cut up five quarts of ripe tomatoes, put over the fire in a granite kettle and boil slowly until soft, then rub through a sieve. In a saucepan put one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of allspice, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne and one cupful of strong cider vinegar. Bring to the boiling point, add to the sieved tomatoes and boil until the catchup is reduced to about five pints. Bottle when cool.—Good Housekeeping.

The Cuban Way to Eat the Orange.

The style of eating oranges in Cuba is to peel the fruit round as we do an apple, taking great care to cut just through the yellow rind, leaving the white skin entire. Out open through the middle, it is then eaten from the hand without using a spoon. On fruit stands in Cuba peeled oranges are for sale, says Table Talk.

Fashion's Echoes.

The summer girl back to town starts the passengers in cars and stages by wearing the sleeves of her shirt waist turned well back to her elbows. She glories in her brown and sometimes freckled arms.

Moss gray deerskin shoes with small silver buckles make pretty feet look more charming than ever.

Nearly every banded and athletic girl now has the "golfer's wrist," which will give her trouble in getting back into gloves the coming season.

Russian cross stitch embroidery is a promised adornment for silk and light woolen gowns.

The blouse jacket is to be one of the popular items.

Nothing will be more fashionable than black and white, if all signs hold good.



CHRISTIE MACDONALD AND HER HUSBAND, WILLIAM W. JEFFERSON. (From a snapshot made expressly for the Springfield Homestead.)

A DUTIFUL LITTLE WIFE.

Christie MacDonald Chats About Her Honeymoon—Her Husband's Antipathy to Horseback Riding.

Miss Christie MacDonald was removing the stunning gown she wore in the last act June as I entered her dressing room, at the close of the first performance of Champagne Charlie, and was turning it around and about and admiring it in the most unaffected girlish manner possible. While she was in the act of greeting me her husband, Mr. William Jeffereson, son of the famous Joe, whispered something to her, through the crack in the door, which caused her to blush right royally, and she entered with the pretty gown she said almost apologetically:

"We don't really consider that our honeymoon is over yet, because we have been traveling about and visiting relatives and friends, till we haven't had half the time to ourselves that we want. Directly after we were married we sailed for Europe and after a short trip through Germany, Switzerland and France, we went to England to visit Mr. Jeffereson's sister. And we did have such a good time! Mr. Henry Irving entertained us royally and then we met Mr. Farquhar, the author, and he entertained us still more and so on, all the time."

"When we were traveling through the different countries I went sightseeing to my heart's content. As this was my first visit to the other side I had a great deal to see and still more to learn, but when we got to England I didn't go sight-seeing at all. When I wasn't being entertained or entertaining I played croquet. Croquet is all the go in England, and Mr. Jeffereson became so infatuated with it that he kept me playing half the time. I played as often as he asked me to, and I tried to be as sweet and agreeable about it as I could because I want him to let me ride horseback again.

"You see I have always ridden a great deal, and when I first knew Mr. Jeffereson he used to compliment me on the way I rode, admire my habits and talk horse with me, but I never could persuade him to ride with me. The better he became acquainted with me the more he talked about it, and I suppose he gave me a most vivid description of a runaway he had seen, in which the girl, who was an accomplished horsewoman, was thrown from her horse and standing on old steed, dragged over walls and ditches, and mangled most horribly. After that story I never asked him to ride with me again until last summer, both of us became so infatuated with it that the same hotel in Jeffereson, N. H. Some of the young people planned a horseback ride to a neighboring town and we were both invited and really had to go because I was entertaining a friend who would go. Sympathetically and hesitatingly I asked Mr. Jeffereson to go too, but he thought we had better drive, but I said no, and so he gave in.

"At the appointed time he appeared well mounted, but with an apprehensive look in his eye. He is thinking of that runaway. I thought, and the tears almost came into my eyes. We started finally—and that runaway story was no comparison to the story I could tell about the way he rode. Bumpy, bump-bump, up and down, back and forth until I knew everything in him was shaken to the utmost. When we reached the neighboring town Mr. Jeffereson took the train home. The rest of us rode, and now—he won't let me ride at all, and worst of all he still clings to that runaway story."

"Yes, like my part in the new play, or, at least, I think I am going to," she said. "But I am nervous and tired, for we have been rehearsing steadily for three weeks, and I am dead sick of it now, but then I always am until we get to running smoothly and then I like it better every time I play it. I feel a bit maddened in this play, as yet, I have so many little instances that are pathetic. I have always played comedy and I am used to that style, but last season I had a little coarser song to sing that told such a sad story that I used to cry on my return from Europe! We came home and he could help it, and I suppose that is why I did it so well and so Mr. Thomas wrote for me all the pathetic little instances that come in Champagne Charlie."

"I think the prettiest song I have ever sung comes in the second act of this play, 'The Owl and the Moon.' I mean, do you know I love to sing it. I long for the moment when it shall come time to start it."

"And here Miss MacDonald arose and sang a verse so softly and sweetly that positively, I thought William Jeffereson was the luckiest man in the whole world, and I think he thought so, too, judging from the manner in which he looked at her. Then she began to show me her pretty gowns and slippers, some of which she bought in Europe, and some creations of our home dressmakers, and she said with a little sigh, as she patted the last ruffle into shape:

"But wasn't I glad to see Boston on my return from Europe! We came home and he could help it, and I suppose that is why I did it so well and so Mr. Thomas wrote for me all the pathetic little instances that come in Champagne Charlie."

"And that reminds me to say that I never was more surprised in all my life to see how well the points took with the Springfield audience. I expected a frozen, stupid time of it until we got to the larger cities, especially New York."

FISHING.

I'd like to go a-fishing and to watch the sunlight gleam
In iridescent jewels all along the hurrying stream,
And feel the soft caresses of the breezes as they stray
Where the shallows to the boulders sing an everlasting lay,
And as for harming anything—it's furthest from my wish,
I'd like to go a-fishing, if there weren't any fish.

I'd like to go a-fishing, if I didn't always find
Those incidents which jar the even tenor of the mind,
I'd like to go a-fishing, if I didn't have to wait
And miss the air and sun while I am fooling round with bait,
I like no barbed hook, nor crave the line's relentless swish,
I'd like to go a-fishing, if there weren't any fish.

If you'd "like to go a-fishing," why don't you run along?
And not distress your neighbors with your doggerel of song?
Lest they rise in righteous anger and take you for a clown,
And advise you do your fishing at your home and in a tub,
In which case your scaly product will require no spacious dish.
For be sure you'll get no nibble from a self-respecting fish.

If you'd "like to go a-fishing," what's to hinder? Who'd object?
If your "tenor" jars, try base, or with baritone connect,
We can bear a tone (that's ancient, but it fits in mighty path),
If your singing's like your fishing, fish will shun where you "are at."
Drop a line to say "I'm coming!" Set their tails in rapid "swish!"
There's no danger of your taking any really worthy fish.

If you'd "like to go a-fishing," you will catch the biggest—nib!
Were the place all full and ravenous—so take your shoe and fish,
And if your son and heir you miss, why take the kid along,
But how a "son" can be "a miss," won't go, e'en in a song.
If you object to "barbed hooks," omit them if you wish,
For when chumps go a-fishing, they never catch a fish.

THE HOME GOLD CURE.

An Ingenious Treatment by Which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Doses. No Weakening of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive Cure for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that Drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison, and nerves completely shattered by peroxide or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison and destroying the craving for inebriants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity of time from business by this full "HOME GOLD CURE," which has been perfected after many years' study and treatment of inebriated, faithful use according to directions this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how hard a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of Drunken into sober, industrious and upright citizens. WIVES CURE YOUR HUSBANDS. CHILDREN CURE YOUR FATHERS.

This remedy is in no sense a nostrum, but a specific for this disease only. It is so kindly devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of Drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they discontinued of their own free will. DO NOT WAIT. Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effectual than others costing \$25 and \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. B 680 EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2320 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia. All correspondence strictly confidential.

T. M. CANNIFF, Hairdresser,

943 Mass. ave., Arlington

THE MILKMAN IN BRAZIL.

Takes His Cow to the Customer. Tricks in His Trade.

"There are two ways in which you may buy milk in Brazil," said the man who had just returned. "The milk isn't first rate, and milk and cream are scarce, but there is originality in one way of selling it."

"Sometimes milk is delivered from house to house in glass bottles, carried in wire baskets, something after the fashion of the milkman here, but there the difference begins. The cart used in Brazil is a three wheeled push cart, always painted some dull, dark color. The bottles are typically Brazilian. They are long, small necked, dark green, secondhand wine bottles, which have advantages of their own for the merchant. The customer cannot see the water which he knows is in the milk, and the dark color simplifies the task of washing, which is quite a point to the native."

"But the other way of delivering milk is simply pure Brazilian, and it is a sort of case of the mountain coming to Mohammed. The milk merchant leads his cow around to his customers by a halter. Tied to the cow's tail is a small halter, and at the other end of that rope is a small muzzle halter, which is fastened around the head of a calf. The Brazilian milkman believes that the cow will not give milk if unaccompanied by her calf."

"The merchant, thus leading his merchandise and source of supply, walks barefooted over the uneven stone pavements from customer to customer. In this hand he carries an ordinary sized drinking glass and a tin one pint measuring cup. These he ingeniously raps one against the other, and this is his going to notify his customers of his approach. A customer reached, the merchant gets down on one knee and proceeds to execute the order while the customer waits."

"The stranger sees no chance for diluting the milk in this system by which the consumer sees with his own eyes the goods produced, but the natives—and they all agree on this point—insist that the milk merchant has under his coat a rubber tube filled with water and with a rubber tube attachment which enables him to inject the water into the measure along with the milk. Another way the artistic milk merchant has for milking this customer is by producing as much foam as possible. This is done by holding the glass as far as practicable from the source of supply during the process of filling the measure."

"In the best hotels and restaurants on the eastern coast of Brazil I did not once see cream used or offered, and milk as a beverage was very seldom seen, and I did not once see it mentioned on a bill of fare. Milk, such as it is, brings about 15 cents a quart, United States money, and a better supply even at this price would increase the demand materially."—New York Sun.

CONCERNING ECHOES.

Effort to Find a Scientific Explanation of Their Eccentricities.

To the eccentricities of echoes there is no end. Some return faithfully to the sender of the original sound, but others are never heard by those who set them in motion. Sometimes an echo returns so quickly that the human ear cannot distinguish it from the original sound. The penetrating power of the human voice is often affected in this way—much to the delight of speakers—in churches and large buildings. Sometimes, again, one sound will produce several echoes, when it happens that there are several reflecting surfaces in the direction taken by the sound waves—while you may hear echoes of echoes when two sound reflecting surfaces face each other at the proper angle. The subject has been little studied, but is full of interest."

More attention has been paid to the behavior of water waves and light waves than to sound waves, yet the same characteristics are to be found in each form of wave motion. What happens, for instance, when sound waves meet with obstacles is known to happen also to rays of light and may be seen to happen in the case of water waves. Thus, if an Atlantic roller were sweeping inshore, an isolated rock would form no protection. The big wave would simply swirl round the rock, enveloping it equally on all sides and passing on with very little decrease of force. A smaller wave, on the contrary, coming in with the roller, might be wholly checked and flung back by the rock, while a tiny wavelet could be stopped or reflected by a mere pebble."

So it is the same with regard to the phenomenon of sound, which is but another manifestation of wave motion. You may often notice when standing in a field skirted by a wood that a clap of the hands will awaken an echo, though you may shout ever so loudly without response. This is because a clump of trees cannot appreciably arrest the full, deep tones of the human voice or the barking of a dog, while at the same time the minute sound waves set in motion by a short, sharp clap are readily returned every twig. The analogy might easily be carried farther.—Pearson's Magazine.

Scotch Names.

A gentleman inquired of a carter in Maryhill, the other day how far it was to Milngavie (pronouncing the name of the place exactly as it is spelled), relates The Scottish American.

"There's no place of that name hereabouts," replied the carter.

"Oh, yes, it's out this way, but I would like to know how many miles."

"Millingavie, ye ca'd it?"

"Yes."

"Let me see, noo. There's Canniesburn, Bearsden, Strathgairn, Mullguy. Na. I never heard of that place you want."

"How far is it to Mullguy?" asked the gentleman.

"Mullguy's just out about six miles, if that'll do as well," responded the carter.

The Mistakes of Our Friends.

Venerable Dr. Thurston, who is much more at home in mazes of theology than in the amenities of social life, not long ago was introducing to a younger clergyman a handsome widow, a former parishioner of his own, no longer young and extremely sensitive to the fact.

"My brother," said Dr. Thurston, leading the lady forward while his face beamed with genuine affection, "this is Miss Almeda Jennings, one of my old sheep."

—Harper's Magazine.

Manifest Superiority.

"A poor excuse is better than none," said the philosopher hobo. "I like it better than a good one," remarked his companion. "It's more gentlemanly. It ain't so apt to work."—Exchange.

LIGHTNING CALCULATORS.

Wonderful Ability of the Negro Children in the West Indies.

"One of the oddest things I came across in my wanderings," said a traveler recently returned from the West Indies, "was the extraordinary aptitude of negro children for mental arithmetic. I visited a good many of the public schools and saw some astonishing exhibitions of this faculty, which is probably the last with which one would credit the grandchildren of African savages, as many of the West Indian negro children are. The currency of the islands is of course British, so that calculations of any sort are more complicated than with us. Yet an inspector or visitor can ask a school full of ragged urchins what would be the cost of seven gross of handkerchiefs at 5 pence 3 farthings apiece and receive the answer almost as soon as the words are out of his mouth, and doubtless long before he had himself worked it out. This can be kept up all day to the great enjoyment of the children, who regard that sort of thing as sport."

"The same children, when confronted with a reader, may make sad work of it and seem certainly little above the average. Even when made to do sums on a slate they are not brighter than most white children. Perhaps that statement should be qualified, for there is no doubt that the children of pure blooded Africans develop phenomenally for the first five or six years of their lives and, indeed, until twelve or thirteen years old are fully the equals, intellectually, of white children. I have never seen white babies as intelligent as some of these negro infants at the same age. But when past twelve their minds seem full grown, and it is not easy to teach them, except in cases here and there. All these observations, however, apply to children of negroes whose parents or grandparents were brought from Africa when full grown."

"There are many West Indian negroes who do not speak English, and there are large societies named according to the part of Africa from which the members or their parents came. A Nangabara, for instance, would not think of joining a Kongo society. So they all stand much nearer to Africa than do our negroes, which makes the observation of their characteristics very interesting. Unfortunately, they do not seem to retain to any marked degree this faculty for rapid calculation when they reach manhood. And even if they did they would be so backward in other respects that their value as clerks would be slight."—New York Tribune.

SPONGES AND SPONGERS.

The sponge industry of the United States is carried on in the waters surrounding the Florida keys.

The fishing grounds extend along the south and west coasts of the peninsula and have a total area of from 2,000 to 3,000 square miles.

Key West is the center of the industry and New York city is the receiving and distributing point for the product.

Two hundred small boats and several schooners, managed by about 800 spongers, are regularly engaged in the fishing.

The annual crop of sponges is between 5,000 and 6,000 bales, and would be many times greater but for the ignorance and impatience of fishermen in not allowing time for the "baby sponges" to mature.

Repeated attempts at planting and cultivating the sponges artificially have proved unsuccessful.

The estimated value of Florida's annual crop of sponges is about \$550,000.

The quality of the Florida sponge ranks next to that of the West India, the Mediterranean and the Red sea.

The real Turkish sponges are found only in the beds of the Mediterranean, and sell readily for as high a price as \$50 and even \$70 a pound.

Next in quality to the Turkish sponge is our own Florida sheep's wool sponge, so named because of its softness and fineness of texture, which sells at from \$1 to \$3 a pound.

The average weight of a sponge when placed on the market is from one ounce to one pound. Only the small sizes are found in American waters.

It requires from three to seven years for a sponge to mature and reach marketable size.

The Monument Dwindled.

The widow of a French deputy came the day after the funeral to consult a great sculptor on the subject of a monument for her husband's tomb. The sculptor suggested a portrait bust. "Only a bust," she cried indignantly. "I wish at least a statue with allegorical figures."

A week later, when the sculptor had the model of the group well in hand, came a note saying that she had decided that the bust, after all, would be in better taste. For some weeks the artist worked on the bust. At length the young widow arrived on the arm of an attaché of legation. She opened her lorgnette and inspected the bust. "It is very like him," she said finally, "but a bust is so commonplace; a bronze medallion would be far better taste."

The monument actually bears a medallion in bronze, under the niche intended for the full length statue of the deputy.

A Wave of Water.

There is no necessary connection between the advance of a wave and the forward movement of the water composing it, as may be seen by running the fingers along the keys of a piano. An inverted wave travels along, but the keys merely move up and down. Similarly, a wave may often be observed running along the ripe ears of golden grain while the stalks are firmly rooted in the soil.

The onward progress of a sea wave is easily perceptible, and by watching some light substance floating on the surface the fact is revealed that the water is not moving with the same velocity.—Chambers' Journal.

A Legal Query.

Tired of the long winded oratory of the attorney for the defense, the judge interrupted him.

"Mr. Sharke," he said, "may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, your honor. What is it?"

"Language," said the judge, "we are told, is given to conceal thought or words to that effect. Inasmuch as you don't seem to have any thought to conceal, I would like to know why you are talking?"—Chicago Tribune.

It is funny that though pretty nearly everybody is at the bottom of the ladder of success that is where the greatest room is for more.—New York Press.

CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

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Arlington House, Arlington 156-2.
Arlington Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-5.
Belmont Coal Co., Arl. 36-3.
A. L. Bacon, 133-3.
Henry W. Beal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office, Wadsworth 1688.

A. E. Cotton, Arl. 238-4.
David Clark, Arl. 89-3.
Charles Gott, Arl. 38-3; house, Arl. 38-2.
C. H. Gannett, Main 3856-3.
N. J. Hardy, Arl. 8-2; house, Arl. 112-2.
James O. Holt, grocer, Arl. 137-2.
James O. Holt, provision dealer, Arl. 337-2.

W. K. Hutchinson, Arl. 338-3 or 149-3; Heights branch, Arl. 321-5; house, Arl. 323-2.
J. Henry Hartwell, Arl. 127-4; house, Arl. 104-4.

H. B. Johnson, Arl. 134-2.
Johnson's Arlington Express, Arl. 122-3.
Litchfield's Studio, 307-3.
George A. Law, Arl. 73-3.
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John J. Leary, Arl. 37-2.
R. W. Le Baron, Arl. 79-2.
Lexington Grain Mills, Lex. 34-3; house, 31-3.

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Peirce & Winn, Arl. 3-2.
Dr. Ring's Sanatorium, Arl. 205-2.

W. W. Rawson, Arl. 15-3; house, Arl. 16-2; Boston office, Main 2346.
George W. Sampson, Lex. 24-2; house, Lex. 61-7.

C. H. Stone, Arl. 131-4.
W. Schwebel & Bro., Arl. 111-3.
Simpson Bros., Main 1156.

H. T. Welch & Son, pay station, 21333.
Wood Bros., Express, Arl. 242-7.
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ARLINGTON.

HIGH NOON.

Here where the faint breeze droops upon the grass.

Where summer income fills the air with pine,

Upon the highest hillside, where the sun

Lifts nature to himself, I raise my shrine

To thee, High Noon,

In whose clear eyes, undimmed by doubt or tear,

No secret shadow of the soul is good.

Others may dread thy burning judgment white;

For them be twilight altars in the wood;

To thee, High Noon,

Bare breasted as a pagan I would come!

Test thou my heart, that, proven, I may dare

Exult to shrive me in thy ruthless peace

And sacramental faith eternal swear

To thee, High Noon!

—Martha Gilbert Dickinson in Century.

The Third Maid

It was on a wild October evening about a year ago that my wife and I arrived by train at a well known watering place in the north of England. The wind was howling and roaring with delight at its resistless power; the rain came hissing down in large drops.

Our hotel was situated on an eminence overlooking the town, and as we slowly ascended to it in our cab we thought, "Well, we must not be surprised to find our intended abode for the night has vanished."

However, presently we stopped in front of a building which looked substantial enough to withstand anything, and in answer to our driver's application to the bell the door was promptly opened by a smartly attired porter. He was closely followed by a person full of smiles and bows, who posted himself in the doorway ready to receive us.

All at once there was a terrific bang, as though a forty pounder had been fired to welcome our arrival, and he of the smiles and bows was hurled headlong against the muddy wheel of our conveyance by the slamming to of the large door. My wife's bonnet blew off and tugged hard at its moorings; the light in the porch was extinguished, while the wind seemed to give a shriek of triumph at the jokes he was playing upon us.

Here we were, then, in total darkness and exposed to the drenching rain. However, half an hour afterward all our discomforts were forgotten as we sat down to an excellent dinner à la carte.

Next morning I was abroad very early looking for lodgings. Fortune seemed to smile upon me on this occasion, for scarcely had I proceeded fifty yards from my hotel when I came upon a very nice looking row of houses, and in the window of the first was "Lodgings to Let." Knocking at the door, it was soon opened by a very neat looking maid.

I inquired if I could see the proprietor, but was told that Miss G. was not yet down. I said I would wait and was shown into a very comfortably furnished dining room. Soon Miss G. appeared and proved to be a pretty brunette of about five and twenty, whose dark eyes during our short interview were very now and then fixed on me with an intensity that seemed to be trying to read what kind of a person I was, while her manner, though decidedly pleasing, had a certain restlessness in it which I could not help observing.

Her father and mother being both dead she kept the lodging house herself. I asked her if she had a good cook, to which she replied she was responsible for most of that difficult part of the menage herself, keeping two maids to assist in the house and parlor work. She went on to say that her drawing room was "dissected," a term common among north country lodging house keepers and meant to express that it was undergoing its autumn cleaning, but she would have it put straight if I wished. I told her that I should be quite contented with the dining room, provided we had a good bedroom. This she at once showed me and, soon coming to terms, I returned to the hotel.

After breakfast I went to the bureau to ask for my account. While it was being made out, I observed casually that I had taken lodgings at Miss G.'s on Cliff terrace, upon which the accountant looked quickly up and said, "Oh, Miss G.'s," and then as quickly went on with my bill. I hardly noticed this at the moment, though I thought of it afterward.

Eleven o'clock saw us comfortably ensconced in our rooms. After lunch we took a delightful expedition, the weather having greatly moderated. We found that night at dinner that Miss G. was a first rate cook, and we retired to rest much pleased with our quarters.

We soon made the acquaintance of the two maids—Jane, who waited on us, and Mary, the housemaid—and two very pleasant and obliging young women we found them.

About the third morning of our stay, on going up to my bedroom after breakfast, I was surprised to find a strange maid in the room. She was standing by the bed smoothing down the bedclothes with both hands and appeared to take no notice of me, but continued gazing steadily in front of her, while her hands went mechanically on smoothing the clothes. I could not help being struck with her pale face, which wore a look of pain, and the fixed and almost stony expression of her eyes. I left her in exactly the same position as I found her. On coming down I said to my wife: "I did not know Miss G. employed three servants. There certainly is another making the bed in our room." I am shortsighted, and my wife would have it that I had made a mistake, but I felt quite certain I had not. Later on, while Jane was laying the lunch, I said to her, "I thought that you and Mary were the only two servants in the house."

"Yes, sir; only me and Mary," was Jane's reply as she left the room.

"There!" said my wife. "I told you that you were mistaken." And I did not pursue the subject further.

Two or three days slipped away in pleasant occupations, such as driving, boating, etc., and we had forgotten all about the third maid. We saw but little of Miss G., though her handiwork was pleasantly apparent in the cuisine.

On the sixth morning of our stay, which was the day before we were to leave, my wife after breakfast said she would go up and do a little packing while I made out our route for the following day in the "Bradshaw," but I was soon interrupted by the return of my wife with a rather scared look on her face.

"Well," she said "you were right after all, for there is another maid, and she is now in our bedroom, and apparently engaged in much the same occupation as when you saw her there. She took no

notice of me, but stood there with her body slightly bent over the bed, looking straight in front of her, her hands smoothing the bedclothes." She described her as having dark hair, her face very pale, and her mouth very firmly set. My curiosity was now so much awakened that I determined to question Miss G. on the subject. But our carriage was now at the door waiting for us to start on an expedition that would engage us all day.

On my return, late in the afternoon, meeting Miss G. in the passage, I said to her, "Who is the third servant that Mrs. K. and myself have seen once or twice in our bedroom?"

Miss G. looked, I thought, rather scared, and murmuring something that I could not catch turned and went hurriedly down the stairs into the kitchen.

An hour afterward, as we were sitting waiting for our dinner, Jane brought a note from Miss G. inclosing her account and saying that she had just had a telegram summoning her to the sickbed of a relation, that in all probability she would not be back till after our departure, but that she had left directions with the servants and hoped they would make us quite comfortable and that we would excuse her hurried departure.

A few minutes after a cab drove up to the door, into which, from our window, we saw Miss G. get and drive rapidly away.

Later on in the evening, while Jane was clearing away the dinner things, I said to her, "By the bye, Jane, who is the third maid?" She was just going to leave the room as I spoke. Instead of replying she turned round with such a scared look on her face that I felt quite alarmed. Then, hurriedly catching up her tray, she left the room. Thinking that further inquiry would be very disagreeable to her, I forbore again mentioning the subject. Next day, our week being up, we departed for fresh woods and pastures new.

Our tour led us considerably farther north, but a month later saw us homeward bound. The nearest route by rail led us by X. As we drew up at the station we noticed on the platform a person, in whom we recognized one of the clergy of X. whose church we had been to. Presently the door of our compartment was opened and he put in a lady, wished her goodby, the guard's whistle blew and we were off. After a short time we fell into conversation with the lady and found her to be the clergyman's wife. Among other things, we asked after Miss G.

"Oh, Miss G.," she replied. "She is very well, but I hear, poor thing, she has not had a very good season."

"I am sorry to hear that," I replied. "Why is it?" She was silent for a minute, and then related to us the following facts:

At the beginning of the season a rather untoward event occurred at Miss G.'s lodgings. An elderly lady took one of the flats for a month. She had with her an attendant of about thirty. Before long Miss G. observed that they were not on very good terms, and one morning the old lady was found dead in her bed.

A doctor was at once called in, who, on viewing the body, found there were very suspicious marks round the neck and throat, as if a person's fingers had been tightly pressed upon them. The maid on hearing this at once became very restless, and going to her bedroom, which was at the top of the house, packed a small bag and, having put on her things, was about to descend the stairs when, from hurry or agitation, she missed her footing and, falling to the bottom, broke her neck.

But not the least extraordinary part of the business was that not the slightest clue could be obtained as to who the lady was, the

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 6.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xxxvii, 12-36—Memory Verses, 26-28—Golden Text, Acts vii, 9—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Our last Genesis lesson showed us Jacob preparing to meet Esau, filled with fear. Chapter xxxiii tells how God wrought in making peace between the brothers and of Jacob's altar to God, the God of Israel, at Shechem. In chapter xxxiv the devil is seen in his work of sin and death; chapter xxxv tells of God appearing to Jacob at Bethel, where He had many years before opened heaven to him in the vision of the ladder, and it tells also of the death of Isaac at the age of 180 years; of Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, and of Rachel, the wife of Jacob, as she gave birth to Benjamin; it gives the names of Jacob's 12 sons and leaves him at Hebron, where Isaac died and was buried.

12-14. "Go, I pray thee, and see the peace of thy brethren" (margin reading). Israel unwisely made it very evident that he loved Joseph more than his other sons, and this, with Joseph's two prophetic dreams, stirred them so that they envied him and hated him and could not speak peaceably to him (verses 4, 5, 11). All unsuspecting, his father sends him from the home at Hebron to see if it will with his brethren and with the flocks. It is well for us that we do not know what is before us, but it is also well that we can be sure that however things may seem God is working out His eternal purposes of love and mercy in the very best way.

15-20. From Hebron to Shechem, and from Shechem to Dothan, he patiently and obediently and lovingly sought them, only to experience at their hands their hatred and murderous intentions. When they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. In Joseph, as in Isaac, we have a wondrous type of the Lord Jesus. When He came unto His own, seeking their peace, not only did they not receive Him, but they persistently took counsel to kill Him (John i, 11; xi, 53; Math. xii, 14).

21, 22. "Let us not kill him." Thus said Reuben, his oldest brother, desiring to rid him out of their hands and deliver him to his father again, for they were not all so hard of heart, these cruel brethren. We may hope that Reuben, whose name signifies "see a son" (chapter xxix, 32, margin), saw more in Joseph than the others did, but it would only be eternally well with him if he saw by faith Him whom Abel and Enoch and Noah and the patriarchs saw.

23, 24. "They took him and cast him into a pit, and the pit was empty; there was no water in it." By the grace of God and according to His purpose, Joseph did not die in the pit, but was delivered from it that he might in due time perform the pleasure of the Lord. Consider Zech. ix, 11, "As for thee also by the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water." However great or many may be the trials of the righteous, by virtue of the blood which redeemed them they shall be delivered from every evil thing and presented perfect in the day of the kingdom (II Tim. iv, 17, 18).

25-28. A company of Ishmaelites passing by, Judah manifests his interest in his brother by suggesting that they sell him to them. His brethren were content to have it so, and therefore Joseph was sold for 20 pieces of silver and taken to Egypt. How many things in this sad story are suggestive of the sufferings of Christ! They stripped Him of his raiment; when they had crucified Him, they sat down and watched Him; He was sold for some pieces of silver (Math. xxvi, 9, 28, 35, 36). The archers sorely grieved him and shot at him and hated him, but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob (Gen. xlix, 23, 24).

29, 30. "The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?" Thus said Reuben when he returned to the pit and found not his brother, for they had taken him up and sold him in Reuben's absence. His brethren would not be apt to enlighten him, so probably he, as well as his father, continued in ignorance as to Joseph's fate. Twenty years after this Reuben reminded his brethren of their guilt and of his desire to save his brother (chapter xli, 22). He did not say, like Cain, Am I my brother's keeper? but he felt a responsibility for his brother's welfare.

31, 32. "They took Joseph's coat and killed a kid of the goats and dipped the coat in the blood." The phrase "a kid of the goats" makes one think how often it is used in connection with sacrifice; "one kid of the goats for a sin offering." See it 12 times in Num. vii alone. One cannot but think of God's beloved Son, who for us became a sin offering, but He did it willingly and in love to us, and in love the Father gave Him up to be our sin offering. As they brought the blood stained coat to their father and said, "This have we found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no," they both told and acted a terrible lie, showing themselves for the time being in the service of the father of lies.

33, 34. "Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." So he believed, and his cruel sons let him believe, and he mourned for his son many days, and for 20 years counted him dead. It is trying enough to see a loved one die, but there is a sad consolation in being privileged to care for and lay carefully away the precious body. To have loved ones go out from your presence in health and never see them again in the mortal body, but only hear that they in some way suffered a violent death, is inexpressibly sad, and cruel indeed must have been the hearts of sons that could let their father thus believe.

35. "And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted." We do not know how they tried to comfort him, but he might have said, as Job did, "Miserable comforters are ye all." How vain oftentimes are the words of those who really want to be a comfort, but God is the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who so comforteth in tribulation that those who are comforted can comfort others (II Cor. i, 3).

36. A slave in Egypt, the property of Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh and the chief of the executioners (see margin), is where our lesson leaves Jacob's best loved son, but God is with him, and we shall yet hear great things from him and concerning him. He is a chosen vessel unto God, and God is dealing with him in love, though it does not look like it.

LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER, Episcopal.

Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month. FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH. Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence Massachusetts avenue, near Elm avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10.30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH. Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, E. L. Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochran, residence Locust avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10.45 a.m.; 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6.30 p.m., Sunday. Lend-A-Hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence Hancock street, Services—Sunday, 10.30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E., Monday evening; prayer, Thursday, 7.45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH. Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place. Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence Walnut street. Services—Sunday, preaching, 10.30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7.45 p.m., Y. P. S. C. E.; Friday, 7.45 p.m., prayer meeting. Branch Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7.45 p.m., prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave. Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence 201 Massachusetts Ave. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10.30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Simon Robinson Lodge. Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7.30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTASOPHS.

Lexington Conclave.

Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

George G. Meade Post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.

Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 16.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.

Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2.30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.

46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.

47 cor. Lincoln and School streets.

48 cor. Clark and Forest streets.

49 cor. Mass. avenue and Cedar street.

50 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.

51 Bedford street—Opp. J. M. Reed's.

52 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.

53 cor. Auburn and Reed streets.

54 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.

55 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.

56 Lowell street near Arlington line.

57 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.

58 cor. Mass. avenue and Woburn street.

59 cor. Bloomfield and Eustice streets.

60 Mass. avenue and Percy road.

61 Mass. avenue opp. Village hall.

62 Mass. avenue and Pleasant street.

63 Mass. avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.

64 Mass. avenue and Sylvia streets.

65 Bedford street near Elm street.

66 Centre Engine House.

67 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.

68 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.

69 Hancock street near Hancock avenue.

70 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.

71 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.

72 Mass. avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

231 Morrill estate, Lowell street.

232 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, tapper at residence of chief engineer, tapper at residence of first assistant engineer, tapper at residence of second assistant engineer, tapper at pumping station, tapper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, tapper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, tapper at centre engine house, tapper at East Lexington engine house, tapper at residence of James E. Shelvey.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists.

Give the alarm at the nearest box.

Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go.

Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance.

Wait until the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.

Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.

Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm.

You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

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RECOGNITION.

How gentle is the soul that looketh out
From violet sweet through dim, blue, tearful
eyes.
That turns a pleading face to look about
And watch the sun's course through the smiling
skies!

What depths of tenderness in that warm heart
That tells its fond love in the violet's breath,
That winning faith with no device of art,
Declares a passion far outlasting death!

O Mother Nature, kind to every child
Blessed with the gift of speech, the gift of
grace,
Teach thou the modest violet, shy and wild,
To look with trustfulness into my face

And give my simple thought the skill to know
What interchanging hints between us pass,
What sense of joy it is that thrills me so
When'er I see blue violets in the grass.
—Isaac Bassett Choate in Youth's Companion.

A HONEYMOON
INTERLUDE
... By Sydney Clive.

They were very young, and the girl, in her Teuton fairness, was pretty and pleasant to look upon; also she had thanked very nicely when John Marais had put her bag on the rack, and in English.

Otherwise Marais would have run the risk of losing his train by getting out and hunting for another carriage, for he had a pious horror of honeymooning couples. Had he not in his many wanderings suffered much at the hands of this painfully selfish race of human beings?

"Now we are en route for Munich," observed the bridegroom, with a satisfied smile, as he sat down beside his wife and, with one arm around her waist, gazed out in jovial complacency at the uninteresting stretch of country which is the order of the day from Steinhach to the Bavarian capital, "and after that Berlin. Oh, but what for a beautiful and in the most sacred corner of the mind to be treasured wedding journey are we to have. Still three weeks, my heart's dearest, and then to Elberfeld must we return. Will my little wife, though to her happiness her husband himself dedicates, it not dull find?"

The little bride raised blue, worshipping eyes to her husband's beaming countenance.

"At—wait the train stops, and I go to buy refreshments," said the Teutonic husband, laughing contentedly. "I have a hunger, and thou—"

"I could eat grass," said the pretty little wife with a tuncful laugh. "Forget not that it is the Brunswick sausage I love—not the frankfurter."

John Marais attempted to bury himself in a two days' old newspaper and to shut out the sound of the guttural voice. He had no respite, however, until—

"Juch he!" the German cried frolicsomenely. "For some food, heart's treasure. I will select for you the best!"

"Thou wilt bring me something good." Then she turned to Marais.

"Do we wait long?" she asked shyly. "I believe not," said Marais. "Your husband will have to be quick."

"The buffet is not very far, I hope," she said, leaning out of the window. "Why," she turned a scarlet face toward her companion, "we are moving already."

"No, only shunting," answered Marais reassuringly, but the next instant he had sprung to his feet and was also at the window.

"No, by Jove," he said, "it's the real thing! We're leaving!"

At first the little bride did not grasp the situation; she only looked at the fast vanishing station, but when in the far perspective she beheld her Fritz rush out on the platform, waving what the bride rightly guessed to be a sausage and make a futile dash for the train, then the real facts of the case dawned on her, and Marais seized her unceremoniously by the arm.

"Sit down!" he said imperatively. "Do you want to be killed? You would have fallen out in another second."

"But my husband, my husband!" cried the poor little bride, almost in hysterics. "He is there! left behind. I must join him. I must!"

"He will join you at Munich," said Marais. "He'll come on by a later train."

The girl's tears were flowing fast now, and John looked at her in helpless dismay.

"You must not take it so to heart," he said gently. "After all, it's only a very slight contretemps, isn't it? Your husband will soon be with you, and then you will both laugh at this as a good joke. Come, dry your tears and allow me to look after you till your rightful protector comes."

The bride stopped crying, and with lips that still quivered endeavored to thank him, and Marais, anxious to prevent a fresh occurrence of emotion, suggested that they should share his lunch.

He did not wait for her to answer, but unstrapped the luncheon basket and displayed a tempting array of dainties before the little bride, who gradually allowed herself to be coaxed into eating a foie gras sandwich, then was lured on to the more solid viands and finally made an excellent meal, much to Marais' relief.

He succeeded in cheering the little bride, who forthwith embarked on an account of her life. She was in the midst of a description of her future home at Elberfeld when the train panted into the huge Munich station, and a little shadow chased the brightness from her expression as she remembered her desolate condition.

"I will put you into a cab and see that you are all right," said Marais kindly as he helped his companion out. "I expect you will find a telegram from your husband at the hotel, and—"

"Jertha, to think of my seeing you here! Isn't this fortunate? Such a chance, and I leave Munich tomorrow and am going to India soon, so goodness knows when we shall meet again! You dear little thing—and in a lower key—"you must introduce me to Herr Gemahl. He doesn't know English, does he? How very much better looking he is than his photo. I should never have recognized him."

The speaker was a tall, graceful English maiden, whose charming face wore the prettiest smile as she held out her hand to Marais, and the latter mechanically took it. He looked at the little bride. Should he or would she explain the situation?

"And now you must come and have supper with me," continued the stranger

happily, without allowing either of them to speak. "I've the dearest little flat here. You won't mind picnicking, will you? I was so sorry I couldn't come to the wedding, Jertha, but it was impossible; I was finishing my picture. Yes, it's sold, and the papers have been awfully kind to me."

"I—I don't think we can come to supper," began Jertha feebly. "You see, Gracie, your—your flat is so far from our hotel, and—"

"Ah, that's unkind," said Gracie, fixing her beautiful eyes on the Herr Gemahl. "I wish I spoke German, but I can't—only just a few words, or else—"

"I—I know English," interposed John Marais desperately.

"Jertha told me you didn't know a word," answered Gracie, laughing. "You have an excellent accent and have learned very quickly. I suppose," she added, with a slight smile, "Jertha taught you?"

Again John looked at the bride and Gracie's attention at that moment being taken off them, he spoke to Jertha hurriedly, but emphatically:

"You must explain the situation," he said. "Your friend takes me for your husband. Pray, tell her that—"

"Oh," whispered the bride disconsolately, "she will think it so silly! Pray do not deceive her. What does it matter to you? You will never see her again, and—when I can have my Fritz then I can explain, but not now. And you will never see her again."

This harping on the one string distinctly irritated Marais, and he was about to retort when Gracie joined them.

"I must leave you, then," she said "unless you will take me part of my way in your droschke. Jertha and I were such friends"—she turned to Marais—"that you will excuse my breaking in on your honeymoon. You see, I am sailing for India very soon, and goodness knows where we shall meet again."

"I am only too pleased," said Marais with truth. He sat opposite the two girls and contrasted in his mind the delicate high bred grace of the one with the plump, flaxen haired prettiness of the other. He noticed that Gracie did most of the talking. Jertha was obviously ill at ease, and once Marais detected the English girl gazing at him thoughtfully, and he read her glances aright.

"She thinks I am not kind to the little thing," he said to himself. "Dear me, this is a nice situation to be in."

When the droschke stopped for Gracie to alight, Marais suddenly sprang out and stood ready to assist her.

She gave him her hand, and as for a instant they stood side by side on the pavement she spoke

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WINCHESTER.**CEO. ADAMS WOODS,**Winchester Office, Blaikie Bldg.
Over P. O. Tel. 123-7 Winchester.50 State St., Boston.
Tel. 1532 Main.**ARLINGTON LOCALS.**

Arthur E. Seagrave, manager of the Enterprise, officiated as toastmaster of the Composite club banquet, Saturday evening, at Uxbridge, Mass., his former home. The club is a N.-partisan organization, composed equally of Republicans and Democrats, which meets four times a year to discuss political questions.

Division 43, A. O. H., gave an enjoyable smoke talk at its hall on Massachusetts avenue Tuesday evening, and entertained many guests from divisions out of town. The affair was in charge of Pres. Michael E. Callahan, assisted by an efficient committee. A lunch was served, and the evening was closed by several of the officers and members of the local division, also by visiting brothers. An excellent entertainment was given by first class talent.

Mrs. John D. Roale has returned from a four weeks' vacation at Cromwell, Ct. N. J. Hardy and O. W. Whittemore, Arlington's well known baker and druggist, started this week on a three weeks' trip to Moosehead lake, where they will spend the time in hunting and fishing, and to bring some fine specimens home with them.

A large order of stock for fall goods was received this week by John D. Roale, the tailor in postoffice block. Mr. Roale has a large number of orders on hand which he intends getting out within the next two or three weeks.

Chester Harwood, night operator at the local telephone exchange, has been temporarily transferred to the Back Bay exchange in Boston, where he will be chief operator during the night for a few weeks.

Dr. Henry J. Murphy has been taking a week's vacation and during his absence Dr. F. C. Flanders has been in charge.

The selectmen gave a hearing Monday evening on the petition asking for the laying out of Brooks avenue as a public highway. There was no remonstrance.

While passing through Arlington on an electric car, Sunday, Harry Perkins of Lincoln street, Lowell, was taken with a fit. He was brought to the police station and attended by Dr. J. Collins Keegan. He was able to proceed to his home.

Dr. J. I. Peatfield is sending a two weeks' vacation at Ipswich.

Dr. John P. Dennett has taken down a barbed wire fence on the upper end of Mt. Vernon street, and put a smooth wire in its place.

The late Ann Tolman's estate has been inventoried at \$14,967.41; that of Edward Storer at \$11,902.86.

Henry W. Savage has sold for William H. Wood the estate located on the corner of Massachusetts avenue and Palmer street, containing a two house and 10,000 feet of land. Mrs. Gertrude O. Hubbard, the purchaser, buys for occupancy. The property is assessed on \$2300.

The 18th Middlesex representative convention will be held at the Arlington Hotel, Tuesday evening. The district comprises the towns of Arlington and Lexington. Representative J. Howell Crosby will be his own successor.

Court Pride, of Arlington, Foresters of America, will hold its first concert and dance in town hall, Thursday evening, Oct. 24.

Wm. K. Cook, of Addison street, is on a visit to the Buffalo exposition.

Fifteen Cambridge and Arlington men with the Grenville associates, of Watertown, drove over the road to the Brockton fair, Thursday. In Mark Griffin's six-horse tally-ho. Before starting, Jim Dunphy, the popular buglist of the riding club, so accounted for the ride. He presented with a new bugle. Jim showed his appreciation of the gift by discoursing his best and loudest notes to the party on the way out and in.

These prizes were won at the whist party given by the N. Y. C. Thursday evening, at G. A. R. hall: Mrs. Tinkham, Cambridge chair; Mrs. Files, Arlington, ton of coal; C. H. Prentiss, palm; H. W. Berthrong, punch bowl; Mr. Grant, dozen photographs; D. J. Collins, barrel of flour; C. Wetherbee, picture; Miss Jennie Tyler, silk umbrella; Mrs. H. W. Berthrong, silk umbrella; Mrs. White, clock. A banquet was served at the committee. Mrs. W. S. Doane, chairman; Mrs. William H. Hays, Mrs. William McNeal, Mrs. W. B. Naugler and Mrs. S. A. Fowler, Jr.

The house of George Brooks, of Broad street, and Wm. H. Brooks, of Waverley, died Thursday evening, and some valuable clothing and personal effects stolen while Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were out. The police are working up the case.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Sunday was rally day at the church. After the regular morning service an interesting program of exercises was presented by pupils of the Sunday school, under the direction of Supt. Myron Taylor.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.
It is rally day at church tomorrow. Communion service at 10 a.m. Regular service at 10:45 a.m., with singing by a large chorus choir. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o'clock, led by Rev. H. D. Maxwell, of Somerville.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
By authority given by the building committee of the Arlington Baptist church, the organ sub-committee has this week placed a contract with James Cole, of Boston, for an instrument which is practically a duplicate of the \$10,000 organ recently built by him for St. Andrew's church, New Bedford. The organ will be one of the most complete and effective to be found in the vicinity of Boston, and but few of the largest instruments in Boston will surpass it. One of the prominent church workers said yesterday: "We are proud to have a society in Arlington which has the disposition and means to supply its means of worship and to further the elevation of the soul. We hope that nothing will interfere to cause the expectation of the Baptists to be realized in the church and organ will be ready for use by April 1 next."

The Woman's Missionary society of the church held its first fall meeting in the vestry, Wednesday. The subject was "Alaska." Mrs. D. L. Tappan was in charge.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.
Holy communion tomorrow at 10:30. The rectory will preach.

Visiting services will be resumed tomorrow.

TO LET.
FURNISHED SOUTH ROOM with steam heat and electric lighting, pleasant locality; three minutes' walk to station and electric. Address H. A. L., Enterprise office.

STRAYED.
A LARGE BLACK HORSE to premises of W. H. Gafford, State road, Lexington, about two weeks ago. Owner can have same by paying expenses.

Arlington Heights.

A little daughter of George Draper, of Dundee road, fell Sunday to the ground and cut her nose badly on some stones. Dr. R. H. McKie attended the child and was obliged to take several stitches in the wound.

Dr. R. H. McKie is driving a fine-looking rig, which saves him much time while making professional calls.

Ellis Lee, of Sylvia street, pitman at the car house, is ill with pneumonia.

F. J. Lingham and family are new comers at 30 Tanager street.

Letter Carrier John Murray is on his annual vacation.

Mr. Swett, of Belmont, has purchased and moved into the Cushing house on Clarendon avenue. Rev. Mr. Swett, formerly of Hudson, N. H., and wife, reside with them. Rev. Mr. Swett is father of the Belmont arrival.

Mr. Torrey, of Clarendon Hill, has moved into the new Bridgman house on Appleton street.

Miss Florence Streeter, of 49 Clarendon avenue, has gone to Concord, N. H., for a few weeks visiting relatives.

Tuesday evening the Young Men's league, Mr. Lorimer's class, met at Neal Campbell's, Lowell place. Refreshments were served. Regrets were expressed at the serious illness of Walter Anderson, one of the members.

Miss Grace Dwyer intends to start her dancing school again, Oct. 25.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. White, of Park avenue, have just returned from Buffalo, where they took in the Pan-American exposition as well as the city and its suburbs.

Thomas Butler, Sr., of Park avenue, is just recovering from a very severe illness.

A family by the name of Beals has moved into the Piper house, on Park avenue. The family comes from New Mexico.

Millett Lloyd entertained a few friends at his home on Park avenue, Thursday, in honor of his birthday.

Charles river has seen several of the young people the past week, one party going for all day.

Mrs. Nourse, of Lowell street, is dangerous.

Walter Anderson, of Crescent hill, who has been ill with typhoid fever, is reported as slightly improved.

John McKinnon and his trainer, Warren Lusk, went to Brockton, Tuesday, and participated in the bicycle race at the fair, winning \$1000.

He was second in his trial heat. This was the first time that McKinnon ever rode in a track event.

Thomas F. Welch, of North Cambridge, who accompanied his cousin William Vidotto, and daughter, to the Massachusetts state fair, at Natick, was shot and killed, Monday, according to a report received by the court of Foresters in North Cambridge, which the deceased was a member. No details were received.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
The Junior Christian Endeavor society, organized under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E., met Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The following officers were chosen: Joseph Burr, president; Rosa Burgess, vice-president; Harris Burdick, secretary; Ernest Colpitt, treasurer; Mrs. M. P. Dickie, superintendent; Mrs. Clara King, assistant superintendent. The society began with members.

The Farther Light and Shining Lights met at the church Tuesday evening to make arrangements to consolidate the two societies into the Farther Lights, a missionary society for home and foreign missions.

The Women's Sewing society of the church met at Mrs. Hector Frazer's, Lowell place, Tuesday afternoon.

M. E. CHURCH.
The services last Sunday were very interesting. In spite of the rain there was a good attendance at the Sunday school. Rev. W. G. Smith preached on the subject "Christian Solidarity for the Unsaved." In the morning, and in the evening upon the subject, "The Spiritual Life."

Union hall is now the new church home. A portion of this hall has been fitted up especially for use by the Methodists.

The society is growing and the work is becoming more and more effective. Following is announcement for services for the winter: Sunday school at 11 a.m.; prayer meeting at 6:30 p.m.; preaching at 7 p.m.; prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.
Sunday morning at Park Avenue church, Rev. John G. Taylor preached on "The Church as Representative of Great Ideas." It was a rainy day and a large audience was present.

The Sunday school, at noon, likewise had a good attendance. Under the leadership of the primary department, an address by J. K. Simpson, and a musical selection by Miss Josie Leonard and Miss Mann.

In the evening the Endeavor society carried on the home coming idea in a most interesting service, led by E. W. Nichols, the president. Each service was largely attended.

Tuesday evening the home coming closed with a reception given by the pastor and his wife and the officers of the church. Rev. John G. Taylor preached at a council in Somerville, Tuesday afternoon, to install Rev. Mr. Thompson as pastor of the Franklin Street Congregational church.

Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Taylor announced that he expected to be installed as pastor of the church, Oct. 29.

BUFFALO TOURS VIA HUDSON RIVER AND MONTREAL.
The last opportunity during the life of the fair to take the trip via the Albany route will be during the coming week at the extremely low rate of \$43.75, including expenses, of \$29.50, transportation only.

The ticket allows liberal stop-overs at Providence, New York and Albany, and 15 days from Albany to Boston, with stop-over privileges at any point desired.

The ticket is limited, an early application for tickets should be made. Book of tours, giving details of the above, as well as other trips, may be obtained at the Joy line office, or will be sent on request by Geo. F. Tilton, C. P. A., 214 Washington street, Boston. Telephone 2022 Main.

MONUMENT

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His Lunch Service is unsurpassed. Try our Ice Cream Soda—none better.

BELMONT AND WAVERLEY.

(Continued from Page One.)

"Rev. Bradley Gilman, whose strong novel, 'Back to Back,' has been declared a new 'Looking Backward,' is a Unitarian clergyman of Springfield, Mass. For a number of years Mr. Gilman has been writing stories for magazines. Last year a selection of his work was brought out in book form under the title, 'The Parsonage Porch.' There is a ministerial flavor about these stories. Yet Mr. Gilman is not a minister. He preached at the fantastic imagination and quaint humor reveal that the writer has that rare quality of making friends with his readers. Mr. Gilman has also written two boys' books of adventure under the nom de plume of 'Walter Wentworth.' His reason for this was that he didn't think boys would want to read a book if they knew it was by a minister. Two other children's books from his pen are 'The Kingdom of Coins' and 'The Musical Journey of Dorothy and Della.' This clergyman-author was born in Boston in 1857. He attended the Boston public schools and graduated from Harvard college in 1880 and from the Harvard Divinity school in 1884."

Belmont lodge, F. & A. M., at its last meeting passed resolutions on the death of Miss Scott. The committee on resolutions comprised Thomas L. Creely, Joseph H. Cullis and Frank Chandler.

The first of the monthly meetings of the Belmont school committee for the year 1901-02 was held at the committee rooms in the town hall on Tuesday evening. A large pay-roll was approved. It was voted to accept the gratuitous offer of the Belmont school building, a whistle signal at their factory for "no school" in addition to the regular fire bell system. Miss Barclay was elected teacher of singing and Walter F. Francis was elected teacher of sloyd. It was voted to accept a framed picture of "The Singing School," presented by F. Alex. Chandler, to be hung in the Danforth B. B. memory of his late brother, Royal Cheney Chandler, deceased. A number of important items under consideration were put on the slate to be taken up and acted on at the next meeting, after which adjournment was made.

The art committee of the Belmont Educational society have under consideration an exhibition of pictures to be given in the school building, Monday evening. The nominal admission fee will be charged, proceeds to go toward purchasing mural decorations for the new Daniel Butler school at Waverley. The exhibition will be a loan collection of Elson prints.

Mrs. Wm. Dunsford is occupying M. Patterson's house.

Quigley Bros. have purchased a New Jersey cow.

The debating society at the high school met Wednesday for its annual business meeting and election of officers. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Harry C. Stearns; vice-president, Sarah Diaz; Rachel Johnson, secretary, Mary Clark.

It is with sorrow and heartfelt sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Prentiss that we mention the death of their son George, who died recently in his early years. The loss of the son is a great affliction by death which has visited the family of Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss within the past two years at which former time the daughter, the late Mrs. Prentiss, died. The daughter, somewhat older than the son recently deceased. The most sincere sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved parents at this time of sadness.

Charles Frost and son Albert, who have been in California for the past few weeks, are expected home in a week or two.

Walter Frost had three horses stolen from his barn early one morning last week. The horses were recovered in Brockton the same day, where they had been driven to be sold by the thief, whose name is Hurley and who was arrested.

WAVERLEY.
The Mt. Auburn Social club held the first of a series of weekly dances in Waverley hall, Thursday evening. Music by Hogan's orchestra of Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hale have come to Waverley from Niagara Falls, where they have been during the summer, and will occupy their winter home, corner Beech and White streets.

Martin Troy has recently located a brother-in-law who was about twenty years ago lost track of, and came into correspondence with him through an advertisement in a newspaper. Mr. Troy has located David, a forerunner in Lachine, Quebec, where he was a pleasantly located, married with a family of ten. Mr. and Mrs. Troy have exchanged photographs with their long-lost brother, and are contemplating a visit to him in the near future. The home was a long and family friendship ties with the long-lost member of their family.

Forbes L. McKenzie completed a large wall contract for E. F. Atkins at Belmont, and is soon to commence work on a 600 foot wall for another of our prominent Belmont neighbors.

Rev. H. P. Smith, pastor of the Waverley Baptist church, is organizing a "Gladstone" of the young men and women of his parish. About 20 have signed their intention of joining.

The parish committee of the Waverley Christian society is arranging for a public installation of its new pastor, Rev. C. A. Allen, to be held on the latter part of the present month. A number of the prominent pastors of the denomination are expected to participate in the ceremony. The series of platform meetings are being arranged to be held fortnightly.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Brown, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Gorham took the Rebecca degree at Hawthorne lodge, No. 57, Waltham, Wednesday evening.

Following his custom of several years, Col. Benton will be glad to have anyone come to his place on White and Lexington streets, on Monday, for plants for winter house growing. There are some particularly good ones this year. They include begonias, geraniums, nicotiana, ageratum and a few umbrellas ferns. Bring the flower pots with you.

In response to an alarm from box 22, about 10 o'clock, a fire broke out in the present at a fire to some out-buildings of an Italian boarding house on Beech street, owned by C. H. Slade. The Waverley wagon responded with promptness, and in a short time had a long distance through the fields very quickly, and a stream was on the blaze in almost eight minutes. The hose carried by the Waverley was used, and the fire was soon extinguished, with slight damage. The house was a long distance from the street, and the cause was probably incendiary. A large number of people were attracted by the fire, which illuminated the sky greatly.

Frank Chandler leaves today on the steamer "Gladstone" of the Boston & Philadelphia S. S. Co.'s fleet for Philadelphia, where he will spend a few days and return on the return voyage of the boat.

N. S. Kellogg was in town last Saturday visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Kellogg left yesterday on a two weeks' trip through New York state which will include the Hudson river trip and New York city.

A. B. Shedd and family have moved from their estate on Trapelo road to the home of his son, A. L. Shedd, on Waverley street. A. L. Shedd has moved there from Belmont.

A baby girl was presented to M. T. Burke by his wife on Monday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus C. Holt and family returned to their home on Lexington street, this week, having spent the summer months at the estate at Waverley.

Rev. Mr. Allen did not exchange last Sunday, as he had intended. His subject was "The True Saints." It is curious, he said, that many a good man to-day is wailing for such a man as that; a self-consciousness of saintliness is impossible in a true saint, who

really never knows that he is a saint, and therefore cannot bear to be told that he is a saint. It is true that the early Christians called themselves "the saints," but the Bible meaning of this word is merely "separatedness from the heathen world," a Jewish meaning, quite opposite to the highest Christian meaning. Yet this Jewish meaning has often lingered on in modern times, and has misled people into trying to be saints by going into monasteries or keeping aloof from the great duties of human life and abstaining from innocent pleasures.

We would suggest that the outward tracks of the Fitchburg division, B. & M. R. R., be filled in so as to be flush with the rails, the same as the inward. Such a seemingly unimportant matter would be an easy preventative of an almost inevitable accident, especially as we are now compelled to alight at the right-hand side from many of the outcoming trains.

Miss Nan Guernsey, of Keene, N. H., has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. L. Ellis, this week.

Miss Scott, matron at the Convalescents' home, has returned from a very enjoyable vacation. During the absence of Miss Scott, the home has been in charge of Miss Peterson.

Miss R. Helen Cleland has resumed her duties at McLean hospital. Miss Cleland has been enjoying a few weeks' vacation at Buffalo and at her old home in Maine.

Miss Helen Flett, daughter of Geo. C. Flett, is able to be about after having been confined to her home with a severe cold all of last week.

Mrs. Melanson and son, of Waverley street, N. Y., where he has been during the past season with Perkins' band. Mr. Bates is earning a well deserved reputation as a cornetist.

Mr. Bull, of McLean hospital, has returned from an extended tour including New York city, Buffalo and Chicago, which he has been enjoying with his valet.

Mr. Richardson, who has been away for the summer months, has returned to Belmont, where he has been during the past season with Perkins' band. Mr. Bates is earning a well deserved reputation as a cornetist.

In mentioning the election of officers at the Ladies' Union society meeting last week, we omitted the name of the secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Orville Ripley, Mrs. Ripley, who has been very efficiently for a number of years.

Mrs. Annie Buzzell has returned from a month's vacation visit with relatives at and about Rochester and Portsmouth, N. H.

True saintliness is marked by love and humility. If a man lacks love, he may be righteous, but he is not good in the highest sense. Still more decisive is humility, the sense of our own imperfection with love and the constant aspiration to the highest goodness. It makes the difference between virtue and saintliness. We should feel insulted if told that we are virtuous, but if told that we are not saints, we should agree. Certainly the true saint would do so, because he never knows that he is a saint; he is only conscious of trying to do his duty with love and humility. Therefore a true religion never teaches men to aim at holiness, for this tends to make them self-conscious Pharisees. It teaches them simply to love God and man, to do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with God, and then they will become saints, though they will never know it, and have never tried to become saints.

Tomorrow Mr. Allen will speak on "True Religion."

Prof. Arthur B. Seymour has returned from a trip through the south which he has taken in the interests of Harvard university, collecting botanical specimens for Agassiz museum of that university.

The Ladies' Missionary society held its first fall meeting at the home of Mrs. Harry E. Carpenter, Trapelo road, Tuesday afternoon.

The Ladies' Union society met with Mrs. Edwards, Burnham street, Tuesday afternoon.

A busy meeting, and interesting one, was that of the Waverley Athletic association held in Patterson's block, Tuesday evening.

Wm. Robertson, proprietor of Robertson's dry goods establishment at Chase's block, has been busy this week selecting and purchasing a large line for fall and winter.

A party of Waverley people, including Postmaster and Mrs. H. H. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley G. Hall, Jos. H. Cullis and Thomas L. Creely, attended the Brockton fair on Thursday.

BATE-POWERS.
Miss Helen F. Powers, sister of Commodore Edward J. Powers, and Harry B. Bate, of Waverley, were married at the Gate of Heaven church, Boston, Wednesday morning, by the Rev. Fr. Ulrich. Miss Jennie Lane was bridesmaid and John Kinne was best man. The ceremony was a reception was held at the home of the bride, after

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ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.
A two-men handicap bowling tournament began at the clubhouse this week. The players are divided into five classes and are rated thus: Class 1, 170; 2, 160; 3, 150; 4, 140; 5, 130. These men have entered: Brooks and Mansfield, J. Wheeler and Atwood, Dodge and Freeman, Marden and Whitaker, R. L. Puffer and H. S. Durgin, Hartwell and J. F. Puffer, Wm. Durgin and G. G. Homer.

A game between the old circuit league team of '97 and the present A. B. C. team was won by the latter, last week Wednesday. The score: A. B. C. H. H. 456; Puffer, 529; Marden, 425; Marston, 547; Dodge, 506; string totals, 546, 767, 880; sum total, 2493.

Circuit—Moody, 414; Stevens, 476; Durgin, 481; Shirely, 497; Homer, 488; string totals, 795, 929, 740; sum total, 2565.

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which Mr. and Mrs. Bate left on a trip through the state of New Hampshire.

A WAVERLEY MYSTERY.
(Boston Post, Oct. 3.)

In the house of mysteries at Waverley, the house that figured in the famous Wright abduction case and other mystery. A queer German who lived in that house has strangely disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. But the neighbors fear the man may have suffered some even more sensational taking off, and have notified the police at Waverley and Cambridge, who are now laboring to clear up the very singular case.

Augustus H. F. Otto is the missing man. He is a well educated German, a native of Berlin, said to be of noble family. He came to America 12 years ago.

When James N. Millner, a contractor and builder, moved into the Waverley house in Lexington street, Otto came with him. As records show in the county offices, Otto had been Millner's partner. Millner told one person in the town that time had been when Otto acted as his bookkeeper and had charge of 80 men.